

THE 1471. f 8.  
T R I B E  
O F  
L E V I.  
A  
P O E M.

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*Doubtless a Church-man, while he keeps within the  
Sphere of his Duty to God and his People is an Angel  
of Heaven, but when he shall degenerate from his own  
Calling, and fall into the Intrigues of Sate and Time-  
serving, he becomes a Devil, and from a Star in the  
Firmament of Heaven, he becomes a Sooty-coal in the  
blakest Hell, and receiveth the greatest Damnation.  
Dr. Gumble, Pag. 23. of Monk's Life.*

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L O N D O N,  
Printed in the Year, Anno Dom. MDCXCI.

# THE TRIBE OF LEVI.



P O E M.

Doublets a Church man, while he keeps within the  
Sphere of his Duty to God, and his People is an Angel  
of Holiness, but when he shall descend, and from his own  
Casting, and into the hands of Satan and his  
Army, he becomes a Devil, and from a Star in the  
Firmament of Heaven, he becomes a Worm cast in the  
filth of Hell, and receives the greatest Damnation.  
Dr. Gamble, Part 2, of Moore's Life.

L O N D O N.  
Printed in the Year, Anno Dom. MDCCXCI.

THE  
T R I B E  
OF  
L E V I  
A  
P O E M.

**S**ince Plagues were order'd for a Scourge to Men,  
And *Egypt* was chastis'd with her Ten,  
No greater plague did any State molest,  
Than the severe, the worst of Plagues, a *Priest*.  
Some Savage Beasts, by Law of Nature bound,  
Only in woods and desert Lands are found,  
No Land, no Climate, can this Monster bind,  
But like some Hydra multiplies his kind,  
Through th' extended Orb directs his Course,  
And is at best an Universal Curse.

Al! happy *Albion*, to the Gods most dear!  
How bright thy Rocks and fertile Lands appear?  
The Oceans glory, and its Nymphs delight,  
The Nations Terror by thy Men of Might:  
Thrice happy *Albion*! had there ne're possess'd  
Thy spacious Kingdoms, the consuming *Priest*!  
Who Locust-like the Nations overspread,  
In every place a *Priest* erects his Head.

These, as the Fishes in the Water breed,  
 And on the Fat of all the Pastors feed.  
 Nor are they satisfy'd to have a Power:  
 To drain the Nations and its Fat devour,  
 But like the Devil always bent on ill,  
 They plot new Mischiefs and Devices still,  
 Their unknown Virtues do the Crowd deceive,  
 What Priestly Knaves report, dull Fools believe;  
 Nor, is a Prince (how great to 'ere he be)  
 From their deceit and studied Malice free,  
 Like Feinds ascending from the House of Smoak  
 They all around the gilded Palace flock,  
 And in the Ears of Monarchy they sing,  
 That had they not been Priests, he had ne'r been King.  
 Set off with Titles and a Specious name,  
 They quickly set the wondring World on flame;  
 Methinks I hear its burthen'd Axles break,  
 And of the Priests dead weight distinctly speak;  
 The senseless Elements together moan,  
 And all around the vast Creation groan.  
 Yee juster Deities are Friends to Men,  
 Assist my Muse, and guide my fainting Pen;  
 A generous Passion raise within my Breast,  
 That may affect the vilest Monster Priest,  
 Let my Muse lash, the strokes be bold and good,  
 As if my Pen were Steel, my Ink were Blood.  
 Close by those Banks, the Banks where Silver Theams  
 Still glides along with unpolluted Streams,  
 A Fabrick stands, no Storm of Fate molests,  
 From its Foundation was possess'd by Priests;  
 Here Levi lives o'er grown with sin and Years,  
 Good God, what Lewdness lurks in hoary Hairs,  
 As chief of Priests imperial sway does bear,  
 For he alone is God's Vicegerent here;

*And:*

His lesser Villains of the Church are Slaves,  
 For he thar's chief of Priests is chief of Knaves.  
 'Twas this same *Levi* did our *James* enthrone,  
 And when h' had done, as basely pull'd him down;  
 The *Levites* first his Sovereign will declar'd,  
 The *Levites* first his Sovereign will debarr'd;  
 And thus old *Levi*, through mistaken fame,  
 Had got a Patriots and a Martyrs name;  
 Him th' unstable Mob with praises grac't,  
 And thus his humour, for his Conscience past,  
 Morose and peevish, insolently proud,  
*Levi* would stoop to none but to the Crowd,  
 Who, e're the Rable could his Blessings crave,  
 His Apostolick Benedictions gave.  
 Unhappy *James*! Preposterous was the Fate!  
 That brought on Thee the Clergies frown and hate,  
 Hadst thou our Civil Rights and Charters took  
 Not half a word the Clergy then had spoke;  
 But to molest the Church was to depose  
 God's holy Blockheads, and set up his Foes.  
 Now Foreign Troops invited o're the Main,  
 Comes to disturb the Scenes of thy short Reign,  
 Grown mad with fear when thou hadst lost the Day,  
 And in inglorious hast didst run away.  
 Our pious *Levi*, loyally came down  
 T'invite our future Monarch to the Town.  
 How beggerlic's the Crown? how mean the State,  
 That does depend on Bishops love or hate!  
 Nor can Conventions now make him a King,  
 Till *Levi* does the Regal Veltments bring.  
 In vain's your reasoning, in vain your toil,  
 If *Levi* but keep back th' anointing Oyl.  
 'Twas not for this the Hero was brought o're,  
 Only to settle Church as was before,  
 To Bear his Dad, and call his Mother Whore.

Should

Should he be crown'd, *Levi's* Designs are crost,  
 The juggle too of the Succession lost,  
 If *James* be reenthron'd we must ascribe  
 His Restoration unto *Levi's* Tribe:  
 And thus the Hierarchy of course bears Rule,  
 And the weak Monarch is the Bishop's Tool;  
 None but the Church should keep their Civil Rights,  
 And all Dissenters be but *Gibeonites*,  
 So much these Arguments with *Levi* sway'd  
 That he aside his Faith and Conscience laid,  
 At once the Sanhedrim and God forsook,  
 And to his own pernicious Councils took,  
 Rather than have his Priests left in the lurch,  
 Would damn himself only to save the Church:  
 Thus in a Fret he to his Cell retires,  
 To plot new Mischiefs and blow up new Fires.  
 Had this retirement been well design'd,  
 Only to ease the Plague of human kind,  
*Levi*, thy absence then we n'r could mourn,  
 Nor been ambitious of thy loath'd return:  
 But since thy Den's become the Lyon's Court,  
 Whither in Black the Beasts of Prey resort,  
 May'st thou from thence thy final Journey take,  
 And on some Gibbet thy just *Exit* make.

*St. Charles*

Nor shalt thou *Corah*, now my hand is in,  
 Escape the justest censure of my Pen;  
*Corah*, in the lewd List, must next take place,  
 To Map and to Religion a disgrace.  
 In him, when Young, the Priestly Sign appears,  
 Did promise Mischief in his tender Years,  
 No cost was wanting to provide him Tools,  
 To pass the learned drudgery of the Schools,  
 Where Youth is with the Laws Corruption fed,  
 Where Priests are form'd and holy Cheats are bred,

Their



Their curst Tenents much our *Corah* lov'd,  
 And in their Tricks of Priesthood soon improv'd:  
 He from the Pulpit did his Doctrine breath,  
 And shed his Venome on the Crowd beneath:  
 He taught That Kings might Govern by their Will,  
 And like the Gods themselves could ne're do ill;  
 That Princes had an uncontrouled Power,  
 And might their Subjects, when they pleas'd, devour;  
 That God all Reason gave to Kings and Priests,  
 And that all men besides were only beasts:  
 But when his Lyon from the Throne was driven,  
 Disown'd by all good men and juster heaven,  
 A King set up the Nations all appoy'd  
 A King that God and all the People lov'd,  
 Our treacherous *Corah* had his Faith forgot,  
 And turn'd his sam'd Obedience to a Plot;  
 His scrupulous Conscience would not let him swear,  
 Whilst Father liv'd, Obedience to the Heir;  
 But in the head of a Rebellious Race,  
 As void of moral Vertues as of Grace.  
*Corah* the new made Monarch did disown,  
 And since the other went, each Action done,  
 Until King *William's* Fate resounds from far,  
 His great Success and Enterprize in War,  
 And Fame aloud does of his Fortunes tell,  
 How by his hand the Sons of *Corah* fell,  
 Now *Corah* is become a milder Priest,  
 And swears as well any of the rest;  
 Priests are like Spaniels ne're inclin'd to good,  
 No longer then they see or feel the Rod.  
 Ah *William* had I but thy Scepter Royall!  
 By Heaven, I'd beat the Dogs, till they were Loyal.  
 Ungrateful *Corah*! I'll bid thee adieu!  
 Since God hath left thee, I will leave thee too!

Nor shall my Satyr 'ere disturb thy Life.  
Since thou hast got a Satyr in a Wife.

*London*

*Dathan* must next be from Oblivion free'd,  
Who in the Field obtain'd the Bishops meed,  
Was bred a Soldier, now by Trade a Priest,  
Though not so wise, or learned as the rest,  
He seldom does to preaching make pretence,  
But does excuse it by his want of sence.

Yet *Dathan* never like his Tribe was mad,  
Nor were his Crimes so great or half so bad;  
*Dathan* did never question his Belief,  
But pinn'd his Faith upon his Father's Sleeve,  
Sometimes was in the right, but vari'd soon,  
And changed his Opinion with the Moon.  
*Dathan* did with King *William's* Intrest close,  
Yet like a Sor encouraged his Foes;  
Who but wise *Dathan* would his sence prefer,  
And take the part of a Petitioner?  
Favour the City Mob so lately fam'd.  
For Murderers and Evidences nam'd;  
Yet *Dathan*, though thy Crimes too far exceed,  
I'll pardon all thy Faults for one good Deed.

*By*

But damn'd *Abiram*, must my Anger feel,  
Whose lewdness is as deep, as black as Hell.  
Such as a Muse, scarce as Old Nick can tell.  
*Abiram* did late *Jemmy's* will controul,  
And made a Seventh in the famous Roul;  
*Abiram* with 'em entred his Protest,  
And grew as sawcy as did all the rest:  
But now his Conscience does by *Levi's* Square,  
And his lew'd Thoughts with *Levi's* Notes Compare!  
*Levi*, to God not to the Kingdom true,  
The Elder Brother of the Factious Crew;  
He chose *Abiram* out of all the Tribe,  
To be his Secretary and his Scribe,

Who



Who best to Mr. *Redding* might present  
 The strength and weakness of the Government;  
 How stiff the *Levites* to his Interest stood,  
 As true as Steel and firm as Oaken Wood:  
 But poor *Abiram* does the toil endure,  
 Whilst *Levi* in his Cell does sit secure;  
*Levi* of freedom knew the worth and price,  
 And therefore sent the Fools to break the Ice;  
 Though some in forming Plots may well agree,  
 Yet few think good to hang for Company:  
 But poor *Abiram*! it would vex a stone,  
 To plot in number and to hang alone;  
 Yet never at thy Destiny repine,  
 Hanging's the fittest Death for a Divine:  
 For Who does ever at the Gallows swing,  
 But ere he's turned off a *Platan* does sing;  
 And though thou art a dire Example made,  
 Thou'lt leave the World in thy way of Trade.

*Robinson.*

Nor must *Abiathar* be here forgot,  
 For he that will, can write, can make a Plot:  
 Of any Faith he never maketh doubt,  
 But like the Wind his Conscience veers about;  
 In lofty strains he Tyrant-Nobles praise,  
 And to his Fame a lasting Statue raise;  
 Who in Usurpers praise employ their Pens,  
 Have no Affection to their Lawful Prince,  
 What e're pretence to Priesthood may belong,  
 Gold is their God, and Glory guides their Tongue;  
 These even *Belzebub* have quite outdone,  
 In Priest they *Asben's* Plagues are Cram'd in one.

*Bell.*

But now my Muse another Story tells,  
 Pray here the sound of Piquet's *Aaron's* Bells,  
 Whole strength of Zeal suppressed that of Sense,  
 Where Flesh does fail Devotion does commence;  
 Tyred with Age of Youthful Vigours free,  
 He is devout of meer necessity;  
 His great Austerity his Tribes does suit,  
 He sometimes rides, but often walks on Foot;

Such Pagean Zeal attending Bishopricks,  
 He well may walk, where follow Coach and Six;  
 Nor can he pray but where his Pictures stand,  
 To fix his Zeal and wandering thoughts command;  
 These Images do pious heats Conter,  
 And raise Devotion up, the Lord knows where;  
 He soars so high and to the Clouds does grow,  
 He quite forgets all Loyalty below,  
 Can take no Oath, nor swallow any Test,  
 But must be stubborn as are all the rest.

*Polterbrum.* Let lasting Infamy Curse Zador damn,  
 Who maketh all Religion but a sham;  
 Zador, who boasts of Fighting, Drinking, Roaring,  
 And above all his mighty strength in Whoring,  
 Yet to debauch his Conscience is loath,  
 And swears, by God he cannot take the Oath:  
 Let Zador to his Sins stand firm and stiff,  
 'Till Triple Tree shall take the Triple Fi---

*Durham.* Next; in the List, must Eleazer come,  
 A Foe to England, and a Friend to Rome:  
 Priests in Divinity take little Pains,  
 And with Religion seldom crack their Brains:  
 This want of Sense made Eleazer run  
 The first to worship the arising Sun,  
 When Brother Priests arrived here from Rome,  
 Good Eleazer did invite them Home;  
 He took his Coach, and mighty Stir he made  
 To be assistant at the Cavalcade;  
 But yet thy Coachman, as the Act express,  
 By most was thought the better sort of Priest,  
 He would not drive, nor Rome's black Feinds adore,  
 When thou wert but Postillion to the Whore,  
 Whilst honest Slash did for his freedom strive,  
 Thou, like the Devil, unto Rome didst drive;  
 Thy Brethren banish'd by the present Reign,  
 Thou longst to view and welcome here again,  
 Not the lewd Levites, which arrive from Rome,  
 Are greater Villains than our Priests at home,  
 The Churches Warriours of thy Py-bald band,  
 The Plague the Natives of this wretched Land,

That

That blow the Coals, and warmer Blood ferment,  
Do cause a Fever in the Government.

*Wm. King* I'll mention but one more and then have done,

'Tis fighting *Joshua* the Son of *Nun*.

Though he to Men of Sence is a Buffoon,

He serves to make a Sp<sup>r</sup>itual Dragon;

What though he cannot preach, or pray, or write,

He 'gainst his Countrey and his King can fight,

He's strongly armed, with a double Sword,

To fight Gods Battels and to preach his word:

What wonders in the Feild were lately done,

By fighting *Joshua* the Son of *Nun*,

He bravely *Monmouth* and his force withstood,

And made the *Western* Land a Feild of Blood;

There *Joshua* did his reeking heat assuage,

On every Sign-Post Gibbet up his Rage,

Glutted with Blood like some most Christian Turk,

And scarce out done by *Jefferies* or *K...*

Yet now the Priest is grown a Rebel too,

And what *Monmouths* did, himself can do,

Since thou like them are equally to blame,

Their Fate was to be hang'd, be rhime the same.

Should I of all the lesser Villains tell,

It would be great, a bulky Volume fill,

Fit for the Devil's Library in Hell.

Should I their lewdness and their Crimes relate,

Their Lust, their Perjuries, their Envy, hate,

Their filthy Drunkenness, their height of Pride,

Their Avarice yet Luxury beside,

Their want of Goodness and their want of Sence,

And their Repentance in the future Tense,

Their new coin'd Tenets, which the Pulpits fill,

Would tire *Pelling's* Passive Lungs to tell.

*Hopkins* of old laid down his Rampant Whore,

And thump'd her Carcass at the Temple-Door;

But who can tell what Tricks our Priests do use

Behind the Altar, and within the Pews?

The ancient *Levites* (as the times then stood)

Were Men of Cruelty and Men of Blood,

The former harmful Bulls they did surprize,  
 And near the Altar slew the Sacrifice:  
 Although the Butcher now does not take place,  
 The Cruelty's entail'd upon the Race,  
 Our Priests are all descended from that Stem,  
 Nero and Aretine are Saints to them;  
 They o'th' Blood of War in Peace have spill'd,  
 How many Prisons has their Malice fill'd?  
 How many Widows have they made a Prey?  
 What Goods the holy Guz mans stole away!  
 Well may they grieve now having lost the Power,  
 By which they Widows Houses did devour.  
 That Land's accurst, hath reason to lament  
 Where Priests are made a piece of Government;  
 They damn our Souls, and lead us weary Lives,  
 Mislead our Daughters, and debauch our Wives:  
 Whatever shew of Zeal the Priesthood paints,  
 They are at best but Cuckoldizing Saints,  
 The Pious Vermin, that molest a State,  
 The Scurge of all Disorder and Debate:  
 The bane of Princes, a Tumultuous Crew,  
 Not satisfy'd with what is old or new:  
 For James they underwent a wondrous Toil,  
 And greav'd his Head with their Anointing Oil:  
 But when he to the Jesuites tack'd about,  
 They as the Devil with pray'r cast him out;  
 Nor are they with their new made Monarch glad,  
 (The Priests have still a privilege to be mad)  
 Though easie, gentle and averse to Blood,  
 His only Crime, he's to his Foes too good;  
 Well may he have the Priests to be his Foes,  
 They even God Almighty would Depole.



